

# To the KING. 37

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*Dii Patrii, Indigetes, et Romule, Vestaq; Mater,  
Quæ Tuscum Tiberim et Romana Palatia servas,  
Hunc saltem everso juvenem succurrere sæclo  
Ne prohibete.----- Virg.*

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**A**S a fond Mother anxious for her Son,  
Whom raging Seas and Winds detain from Home;  
No less impatient, Winds and Waves we fear'd  
Till You auspicious on our Coasts appear'd.

But smiling Joys now sit on ev'ry Face,  
All striving who shall most Your Triumph Grace;  
Rejoycing that where-ever You Command,  
There JUSTICE Reigns with an impartial Hand;  
There ARTS prevail; and VIRTUE from Above  
Inspires each Breast with UNITY and LOVE;  
TRUTH, LIBERTY, and MERCY there abound,  
And PEACE with downy Wings sits brooding on the  
Ground.

Accept, GREAT SIR, these Realms for You design'd,  
Tho' far beneath Your Worth and greater Mind.  
'Twas Here the EDWARDS did the Scepter sway;  
The People Here the HENRYS did obey;  
And Here NASSAU his Virtues did display. }  
Like Him propitious on BRITANNIA smile;  
Like Him defend, and save our sinking I'le;  
Like Him on Earth the Golden Age renew,  
And the GREAT WILLIAM's Steps to Heav'n pursue.

